Pand. Do you heere my Lord, do you heere.

Troyl. What now?

Pand. Heer's a letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me read,

Pand. A whorſon tiſick, a whorſon raſcally tiſick, ſo troubles me, and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leaue you one ath's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too, and ſuch an ache in my bones, that vnleſſe a man were curſt I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What ſayes ſhe there?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter frō the heart,
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Go winde to winde, there turne and change together;
My loue with words and errors ſtill ſhe feedes,
But edifies another with her deedes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites: excurſions.

Therſ. Now they are clapper-clawing one another: Ile go looke on, that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurule dooting fooliſh knaues ſleeue of Troy there in his helme. I would faine ſee them meete, that that ſame young Troyan aſſe that loues the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maſterly villaine with the ſleeue, back to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe of a ſleeue-leſſe arrant. Ath' tother ſide, the pollicie of thoſe craftie ſwearing raskalls; that ſtale old Mouſe-eaten drye cheeſe *Neſtor*: and that ſame dogge-foxe *Uliſſes*, is not proou'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet mee vp in pollicie, that mongrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax*, prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Where-vpon the Grecians began to proclaime barbariſme, and pollicie growes into an ill opinion. Soft here comes ſleeue & tother.

Troy. Flye not, for ſhouldſt thou take the riuer Stix, I would ſwim after,

Diomed. Thou dooſt miſcall retire,
I doe not flie, but aduantagious care,
With-drew me from the ods of multitude, haue at thee?

Ther. Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore Troian,

Now

Now the ſleeue, now the ſleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art Greeke, art thou for *Hectors* match.
Art thou of bloud and honour.

Ther. No, no, I am a raſcall, a ſcuruy rayling knaue, a filthy roague.

Hect. I do beleeue thee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me, but a p breake thy neck --- for frighting me: whats become wenching roagues? I thinke they haue ſwallowed one ther. I would laugh at that miracle ---- yet in a ſort l eates it ſelfe, ile ſeeke them. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed and Seruant.

Dio. Goe go, my ſeruant take thou *Troylus* horſe,
Preſent the faire ſteed to my Lady *Creſſid*,
Fellow commend my ſeruice to her beauty:
Tell her I haue chaſtiſ'd the amorous Troyan,
And am her knight by proofe. *Enter Ag*

Man. I goe my Lord.

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamas*,
Hath beate downe *Menon*: baſtard *Margarelon*,
Hath *Doreus* priſoner.
And ſtands *Coloſſus* wiſe wauing his beame,
Vpon the paſhed corſes of the Kings:
Epiſtropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is ſlaine,
Amphimacus and *Thous* deadly hurt,
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed, the dreadfull Sagittary,
Appalls our numbers, haſt we *Diomed*,
To re-enforcement or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt: Go beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnaſl-pac't *Aiax* arme for ſhame,
There is a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks worke, anon he's there a foote
And there they flie or die, like ſcaling ſculls,
Before the belching Whale, then is he yonder: